

Daily Eagle

M. N. MURDOCK, Editor.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GALL

The star-spangled sons of Columbia's fires will not take kindly to any laudatory letters or unsought advice at the hands of England's queen in the present emergency. Queen Victoria's personal commendation of President McKinley's course, and the added advice that England does not desire that the United States shall whip Spain is presumptuous and not a little irritating. The selfish reason assigned that the war hurt British trade in New York harbor is wholly exasperating. The letter purports to be a purely personal word of the head of one government to that of another, but the commendation and accompanying dictation would have been sent through Mr. Hay, in the regular way, as this country's ambassador, had that functionary not been away phandering along the banks of the Nile, in Egypt. This communication from the Empress of India was doubtless inspired by the British government, for the sole purpose of influencing President McKinley to dilatory action in the Cuban affair. If the United States of America, or its administration, intends to do anything in the matter of the Maine, or in the way of stopping the unrighteous war being waged against the people of Cuba, it must get about it. Letters from old women, residing in England or elsewhere, are inopportune and out of order. Better declare war against England and fight it out on the Canadian line, than send American boys down to Cuba at any time after the first of June. It would be murder by the regiment and by the brigade. No courage or patriotism can prove equal to the yellow monster entrenched in that malarial land.

The Maine was sunk after a forbearance of months and months, after the whole world had for years stood wondering over the inaction of the United States of America in a matter in which this government was morally, commercially and politically pre-eminently responsible, and the time for action has come, for quick, energetic action, the interests of Great Britain and the letter of their queen to the contrary notwithstanding. It is not an old woman affair nor one of England's commercial interests, but of humanity.

Prince Bismarck said, the other day, that the grandmother of the present emperor of Germany had shattered his nerves and worried him more than all the perplexities encountered in founding the German empire. It is certain that the people of the United States do not propose that his other grandmother the gentle Queen of Great Britain, shall, through the prerogatives pertaining to a crown, embarrass their country touching its duty and interests in the Cuban affair.

HE WAS MURDERED.

South Carolina is at last in the Union. Calhoun and his state's sovereignty are at a discount in the Palmetto state. The Charleston papers now refer to the United States as "it," not "they." This is a complete revolution, and South Carolina is as ready to fight for the Stars and Stripes as Kansas, as against Spain or any one else. But South Carolina shows evidence of another and more important conversion of sentiment. It is in the murder of the negro postmaster at Baker City. The papers of that state admit that the federal government must make the power of its hand felt as a national authority. Then endorse the idea of congressional investigation. This course would not have been seconded even ten years ago. It is hoped that the committee will speedily enter upon the work of investigation. The negro postmaster was murdered, his wife and children shot, his home burned and the United States postoffice destroyed. It seems that he was a competent postmaster, an appointee of President McKinley, and a law-abiding citizen, but he was a negro. His standing and reputation as a man were above criticism, but he was black, and the people of Baker City objected to receiving their mail at the hands of a man whose skin was not white. So they killed him. The issue is a vital one, and the crime must be atoned for along the lines of justice. It involves the whole original proposition as to color and that a federal authority. The government should act promptly and energetically to the end that no more men shall be murdered out of color prejudice.

KLONDIKE FEVER SUBSIDES.

The explosion of the Maine knocked out Klondikers by the hundreds. The very next day after the reception of the news from the harbor of Havana the Klondike fever began to abate. Dealers in the cities, in specialties and outfitting for Klondikers found their trade suddenly paralyzed. Popular interest in the fate of the Maine and the possibilities which might follow in the way of war at any hour cooled the ardor for gold. Klondike chills in New York and other cities have been unable to keep up the interest of their members in proposed Arctic Circle expeditions, and the Yukon becomes but a dream. It may be attributed to patriotism, to the spirit of adventure or the love of excitement, but it is a published fact that the Klondike trade slumped with the sinking of the Maine.

ELIA FOR WAR.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox can write poems of passion, in which there is no lack of amorous elements. She glories in the effeminate woman and the manly man, in the softness of the one and the robustness of the other. Virility is her idea of manhood, and fertility for womanhood. She herself is no bearded avasthacker who sings bass, believing that a woman should be taken by storm, but is gentle and emotional, holding that maidens should be wooed by strong men and not courted as wives by dudes. She stands by the conviction that whiskers do not go well

The Friendly Foe,

with puerility. Emotional songs she chants for a world of lovers of both sexes, but she despises a tame man and hates an aggressive woman. In a recent interview on the chances and probable results of a war with Spain, she went on to say that she takes no stock in the woman suffrage movement for the reason that women have now all the rights they require, announcing herself as against the aggressive spirit of the modern woman. She added: "I deplore her tendency to rush in and compete with men in all professions and avenues of business. The result of this is to render men effeminate, and thousands of the weaker males have been pushed to the wall by the bustling female who sallies out to show that she can earn her own living whether she has to or not, and applauds herself for being independent. Some corrective is needed for this condition, and I do not know of anything that would be as wholesome as war. A war would put the masculine woman in the background and would once more imbue the men of the nation with that virility they seem in so much danger of losing. A nation can go to seed by becoming too gentle. The vigor of this country must not be represented by the encroachments of women on the domain of fathers, husbands and brothers, but by strong and robust men who are ready to do and dare. A war, therefore, would bring about a needed reorganization of society."

THE TWO NEW SHIPS.

It is a question of wine, whiskey or water for the christening of the two new battleships to be launched on the 24th of the present month, the Kearsarge and the Kentucky. It having at last been settled as to the identity of the ladies who are to manipulate the bottles, the sailors, who believe in water for navigation purposes, principally are putting in their oars. Mrs. Elizabeth Maynard Winslow will act as sponsor for the Kearsarge, which is to be launched on the same day with the Kentucky. She has declined to use water instead of champagne, she says at the request of those whose wishes she cannot afford to ignore. It is probable that Miss Bradley will not use water, as per announcement, as the christening fluid for the Kentucky, but wine. In deference to the wishes of the navy department, Miss Bradley is expected to perform a defunct duty and not to introduce an innovation. Seamen believe that no good can come to a vessel not christened with wine. Should Mrs. Winslow use wine and Miss Bradley water, the fate the future holds for the sister battleships, one good and the other bad, would be attributed by sailors to the manner of christening. The Kearsarge will be under the ban of superstition even should Mrs. Winslow use wine, as the custom of a married woman christening a war vessel lacks precedent. Her husband is a lieutenant commander in the United States navy and a descendant of the commander of the old Kearsarge, when she defeated the Alabama.

There will be war with Spain.

There is a bare possibility that Spain gains our fighting strength by Coxe's army. Spain is burst. No one will lend her a cent. Why doesn't she issue greenbacks? Spain has blown up the Maine and then has tried to lie out of it. This country ought to lick her for the lie. Bernabe, the new minister, has arrived and the beautifully tangled name of Du Bose will now disappear forever. If war with Spain means a closer friendship with England, a great many jingoes will want to call the dogs of war back to the kennels. Mark Twain has paid all his debts and is again a free man. Mr. Twain writes books, it should be explained and is not a Kansas farmer. The report of the board of inquiry will be sent to Washington by hand and the president will be the first to read it. Then in one hour every man in the country will know it. Two warships of Spain are already in Havana harbor and another is coming from Europe. It is not going to be merely a matter of slapping Spain's hands to make her drop Cuba. A fire panic in a New York school on Thursday last was stayed by an apt teacher, who led the chorus, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Patriotism isn't all a matter of glory and war; it has some humbler uses. In event of war Wichita militia and other Kansas organizations will be sent to Cuba via Galveston and will reach the island some hours before the regular army. This is not to be read if the militia is suffering from insomnia. It is to be hoped that England will have so much trouble in the east, Africa and India that she will not have time to tattle with the United States sympathetically, over our trouble with Spain. England hates us and it is nonsense for her to act the hypocrite. A chaplain in a western legislature has announced that if he be the will of the Almighty that a brutal nation shall be wiped off the map America will have submitted to the Divine will. The worst jingo of all is the jingo chaplain. As General Sherman said: "War is hell!" The business of the chaplains is to lead men in the other direction.

George Francis Train has attacked Spain as follows: "Tell Weyler will box, purse divide. Anywhere he will stand the butt; catch or weigh in at ring-side. Now Spanish army up a spout! Rounds no limit or finish go. No bottle holder; plain bean soup. Guard soldier Cosmos; psychic blow! Knock out Weyler! Pexmas coup!" Reader should bear in mind that this is George Francis Train, not the linotype machine. The names of the 42 members of the crew of the British ironclad Captain, which foundered in a gale off Cape Finisterre on September 7, 1870, are inscribed on the open pages of a gigantic brass volume on the wall of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. It has been suggested that a memorial of similar nature might with propriety be created as a tribute to the Maine's dead.

Peculiar Feature of the Civil War.

It is a fact not generally known that the flag and the last stand of the confederates were made on land owned by the same man. A part of Bull Run battlefield was owned by Mr. McLellan. After this famous battle he decided to move to a locality where there would be less fear from the ravages of war. By a strange coincidence he took his stand at Appomattox, which subsequently proved to be the final battlefield of the civil war.

Electricity and Eggs.

The latest method of preserving eggs is subjecting them to a current in which electricity plays an important part.

The Friendly Foe,

(A weird story by Miss Coleridge. From Cornhill's. IN PART I.)

"Not for a moment," said the Count, with great dignity, "did I suppose so." I thanked him. He pressed my hand. These followed one of those awkward conversations which are apt to follow on a supreme moment. He had just informed me that he did not for an instant suppose that I preferred any consideration before honor. The wind was driving the rain against my window as if it were a human thing that must be chased from the wide world without. The flames were leaping up the chimney, as if they owned some kinship with the wind and were rushing to meet him. I wanted to be alone, to enjoy the uproar in peace. How to get rid of the Count I did not know. Why the Count insisted on staying I did not know. As he would not take you at a disadvantage. Do you believe in the soul's future?"

"A most unnecessary question," I said, lightly. "In a few hours one of us will have answered it for good and all." He frowned. "You do not believe in it. I am reduced to a most unpleasant extremity. Unless you can reassure me upon this point, it is impossible for me to fight you. Unless I fight you, I am dishonored." "Why should it be impossible?" I asked. "But that the Count was by birth and breeding a perfect gentleman, I might have suspected his courage." "It gives me an unfair advantage," he said, gazing steadily at me out of his deep-set eyes. "You fight, believing death to be death. I fight, believing death to be birth. I know something about the matter. If I kill you, I, in my own opinion, set free a soul. If you kill me, you, in your opinion, commit murder. I would do you no injury, but in after-life by this reflection. Once more, I will tell you, it is possible for me to fight, unless you give me some assurance. Once more I ask you, do you believe in eternal life?"

"I am fully sensible of your kind consideration for my feelings, but permit me to observe that I do not see what right you have to ask that question." "You decline to answer it?" "I do." "Then our affair is settled. I also decline to fight." He bowed and walked towards the door. "Stay!" I cried. "What are you going to do?" He laid his hand upon a pistol. "No," I said, "Why?" "You leave me no other choice." "It was absurd of me to object to his shooting himself, when I had no objection whatever to shooting him with my own hand, if I could. But it was just this phrase, 'if I could, that made a difference. The alternative was too cold-blooded; I felt bound to prevent it." "Could it not be arranged?" I spoke nervously, only to gain time, in the confusion of the moment.

"You are not the man I took you for," he said, and he turned away. "This time he did not bow as he turned towards the door. "You do not seem to be aware," I remarked, "that you are exposing me to a sense of intolerable guilt, for more onerous than that which you denigrate. If I am to be a murderer, at least allow me to feel that I did the deed myself, not that I compelled some one else to do it. Do you think that you are treating me fairly? You put a premium upon lies. You leave no other course open to me. By all that is held most sacred, I swear to you that I believe in eternal life." And, rising, I laid my hand upon my heart.

"Sir," said the Count, sternly, "would you die with a falsehood on your lips? You do not believe it." "No," I said, "I do not. I merely wished to show you to what extremes you are driving me. But you are right. Between gentlemen this sort of thing is a mistake, even in jest. You do not leave a man room to lie, and I must be true tomorrow," and I threw open the door. I was the younger and the stronger man. With perfect gravity the Count sat down in a chair. The wind was howling more loudly than before; the flames had sunk lower. I became conscious of the absurdity of the situation. Nothing short of food, fire, or carbuncles would induce me to end to it in a fitting manner. There was no time to stay till we died of starvation unless one or the other would compromise his dignity. As the little I knew of the Count made me feel certain that nothing would ever induce him to compromise his, I compromised mine.

"Count!" I said, "this is a ridiculous position for both of us. My previous causes you an intolerable enemy for the whole night through, would you be so agreeable to me. Let us consider the thing dispassionately! You will not fight me because I do not hold an opinion which you rightly or wrongly regard as necessary for my future happiness. As I live, I, e., you do not object to kill me, because you think no one can die, but you do object to poison the remainder of my mortal existence. If you wish to fight me, you will shoot yourself, for you would be unable to survive your honor. That is the case on your side. Now for mine! I have an instinctive dislike of suicide, either for myself or for any one else whom I respect. It may be a mere prejudice, but so it is. If, therefore, you blow out your brains, it will seriously affect my peace of mind, inasmuch as I shall consider myself to a certain extent responsible. But fair fight is another thing altogether. It is now five o'clock. According to our agreement, we meet at eight tomorrow morning. I shall need at least five hours' sleep beforehand, or I shall not be fit to fight. Allow me full time to dress, breakfast, and get to the rendezvous. I ought not to go to bed later than two. Between five o'clock this evening and two tomorrow morning there are five hours. Now these nine hours I will promise you, on my word of honor as a gentleman, to spend on the investigation of a question that does not interest me in the least, and on which, but for you, I should never, in the whole course of my life, have spent nine minutes—if you, on your part, will promise to meet me at eight tomorrow. If, by that time, I can answer your question in the affirmative—and I know already it is not by words alone that you will judge whether I speak the truth—and good! Let us fight! Whichever way the duel ends, I shall be satisfied. My intention of thinking that I have gained a belief which, but for you, I should not even have wished to gain. If, on the contrary, I remain my present scepticism, we will shoot ourselves, each on our own. You! You! It is a pity; the country will lose two possible defenders instead of one. But I do not see how that can be helped. Is it a bond? Will you meet me at eight?"

"A good deal of nonsense is printed about the expense of war. It depends on how you view it. It may be made profitable. Fred Funston is killed for every night between the 1st and June 1, at prices that range from \$10 to \$25 a night. Happily the day is gone in Kansas when a candidate for office has to fold his hands over his breast, root his eyes to beavesties heaven and draw in a voice that would scare the coloring matter out of a snapper's hair. The last must be enforced."

The London Times has a long notice of Major Inman's book. It is a notice of a man who has borrowed freely from a writer named Ruxton. As a matter of fact, Inman knows more about the west than any man named Ruxton ever did.

First Heroine of the War.

Miss Elizabeth R. Venable will never be forgotten by the brave, wounded survivors of the Maine who have been inmates of the hospital at Key West, Fla. The terrible disaster in the harbor of Havana. Miss Venable is a beautiful society girl of Atlanta, Ga., the sister of Messrs. W. H. and W. H. Venable, great contractors, who are at present in charge of government contracts in Key West. She has been spending the winter there with one of her brothers.

She was suddenly aroused by the awful calamity which burdened many other hearts at the same time. With tearful eyes, she watched from her home the pitiful procession of wounded men and bag-gard officers as they slowly passed by on their way to the hospital. All the patriotism and womanliness in her being cried for the chance to give some cheer or comfort to these brave men, and she went to the hospital and offered her services.

Her proffered help was gratefully accepted by the men. Miss Venable has untiringly given her "sweet charity's sake." Much of her time is spent in the kitchen of her home, assisting the "black mammy" in preparing delicacies with which to tempt the appetites of the feverish inmates of the hospital.

Miss Venable has chosen as aide-de-camp the most work "nave" Johnson, an old war-time negro, who has been in the Venable family for a great many years. "Uncle Dave" carries the dainties and flowers to the sailors which she has artfully prepared in the kitchen. This gentle young volunteer nurse has been a source of great comfort to the patients at this trying time in their lives. Forgetful of self, she has soothed not only the wounded but the dying.

Fate, with faces has learned to watch for her coming, and the glad light of welcome in their eyes when she appears is the greatest happiness that can come to her. Some of these brave sailors have whispered to the little helper secret of far away homes, for she writes letters to wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts for the helpless "boys" who are constantly in the thoughts of these absent ones.

Miss Venable is a spirituelle little blonde, with eyes as blue as the summer sky, shaded by long lashes. The chief beauty of her face is her smile, which is a joy to see. This is so noticeable that several years ago when she was in Paris, where her education was completed, she seldom went upon the streets that some one of the ladies of the city did not cry out in an audible whisper as she passed, "The Madonna!"

Miss Venable's personal experience with the wounded sailors of the Maine is told in a book which she has just published. It is a story of a woman's life, of a woman's love, of a woman's sacrifice. It is a story of a woman's life, of a woman's love, of a woman's sacrifice. It is a story of a woman's life, of a woman's love, of a woman's sacrifice.

Along the Kansas Nile, Mrs. Lease must be somewhere in a town where the local newspaper men refused to be introduced to her. Jerry Simpson, who has arrived in Kansas about a week ago, to notify his friends that it is only six months now until his panic will strike.

"Ingalis," says a Kansas paper, "doesn't seem to realize that he is dead." Of course he is dead. If he did he would advise his family to go after his life.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The battle for free homes is now on. If it is killed this time it will never be revived. Mr. Harn, the new clerk of the court at Newkirk, will keep his residence in Oklahoma City.

The Guthrie Leader points out that Judge Hainer got out of the city attorneyship of Guthrie just in time to escape a reprimand from Judge Burford, his colleague.

Jerry O'Rourke's friendship for Callahan has a just cause. Callahan got Mr. O'Rourke's bright little boy appointed to the naval academy. It pays to pay a political debt.

Mrs. H. W. Nichols of Stillwater is suffering from a peculiar accident. She was going down into the cellar with an armful of crocks when she fell. One of the crocks rolled beneath her and she fell on it and broke two ribs.

Some of the papers will criticize Callahan for not talking on free homes. This is unjust. The other fellows would make the speeches and Callahan lets them do it. To make a man a friend of his bill you sometimes have to let him make a speech.

A man at Enid says that people in the country surrounding that town do not respect funerals enough. They crack their old mules and swear horribly while the procession passes them. He wants them to drive to the side of the road, bare their heads and bow them in silence while the cortege goes by.

The Oklahoma man at Oklahoma City calls the location of a branch of the Normal school at Alva a mistake. It is not a mistake. Eastern Oklahoma will make a big mistake if it attempts to take everything and leave western Oklahoma holding the bag. Eastern Kansas is just now paying the penalty for that sort of action at an early day.

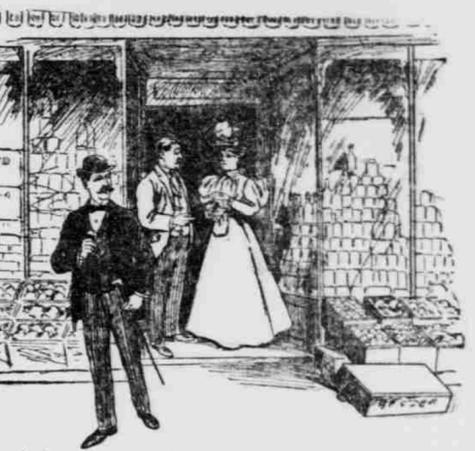
Abner McKinley, the brother of the president, was to get a commission in the leasing of the Wichita Indian grazing lands. Indian Commissioner Jones threatened to resign if Abner got the commission, and he didn't. Jones insisted on the Indians getting a high price for the lands, in which event Oklahoma would be the New York Herald is authority for this statement.

The following obituary is by the editor of the Stillwater Star: "After weeks of untold agony, Judge Carpenter yesterday laid down his earthly burden and peacefully passed into the great beyond. He was more than an ordinary man. Of his early career little is known, save that he came from St. Louis, Mo., and was a member of the New York Herald. For some years he enjoyed a quiet life in law practice in Northern Illinois and was a colleague of Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas and other eminent men. He has often been called the 'father of the law' in this section. He was a man of great ability and high character. He was a man of great ability and high character. He was a man of great ability and high character."

GEORGE INNES & CO.

Formerly Wm. M. & Co. Specials in Black Sateen Skirts. Today we offer two specials in Underskirts; one made of good quality Sateen, with two ruffles; regular \$1.00 Skirts, today at 63 cents. The other made of extra quality, fast black Sateen, with wide, double umbrella ruffles, finished with four rows of Soutach Braid; have been \$1.50, today at \$1.10.

....Chase Yourself over to the Roys Cycle Co.'s store if you want to see the finest Bicycles ever shown in Wichita. The Eldridge and Belvidere at \$50 and \$40 are WORLD BEATERS. Lots of other good Wheels besides. We have the only first-class livery in the city, the best repair shop and the biggest and best stock of sundries. If you want something good you can always get it of R. H. Roys Cycle Co., 210 East Douglas Ave.



A certain German grocery man in Brooklyn has by thrift and close attention to business become so successful that his neighbors have not failed to notice that he is constantly adding to his wealth. He recently began the erection of a block of five flat houses on lots adjoining his store. One day a friend, congratulating him on his success, said that a man who is able to erect houses in these times ought to be very happy indeed; whereupon Mr. Gotschen responded: "What's the good of money if you don't get good health?" He then related that he was just getting of a sick bed, having been laid up with a bilious attack, and he added: "I don't feel good yet." A lady customer who was at the moment standing near heard what he said. She was a believer in Ripans Tablets, and happening to have some in a little handbag she was carrying, she thereupon offered him a dozen and begged him to try them. This he promised to do. Two weeks later the same lady inquired of him how the Ripans Tablets had affected him, and he said enthusiastically: "Dose are worth more to me by the dozens than anything I ever tried, and I've swallowed many stiffs for bad biliousness—let's a good medicine and it stays by me after now."

You Are Invited

To our THIRD ANNUAL OPENING, Saturday, March 12. We are expecting a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and if you are not one of them you'll miss a treat. Every new novelty in Cycledom will be on our floor. Mr. A. J. Musselman will exhibit his fine line of Samples Saturday and Saturday evening. Come and be entertained.

MEADE CYCLE CO., 209 N. Main St.

he gets ten trees down where the inexperienced man gets one. John Wannamaker on his dress goods: "Spring dress goods time is now. Conditions, rather than the calendar, rule change of seasons. The early commencement of the autumn comes it brings about the weather of summer. The charmingly worsted fabrics get their wearing time before the middle of May. How long? That depends on the caprices of the stars. In ready-to-wear dresses the selling for spring dresses—and the selling is greater than ever before, this simply proves that American women are ruled in dress by their best judgment. The array of the stuffs by the yard is more than a temptation. It is a translation of Fashion's edict, a help to the choosing of becoming and tasteful dress. The extensive range of trained selection by our corps of experts removes the element of risk." Old Facts and Figures. The New York Elevated railway runs trains only 10 seconds apart. Of the 15,000 hawkerettes estimated to be in the world, 20,000 are in Germany. There are about 60,000 miners at work in the gold mines of eastern and southern Siberia. Out of 34 storms which reached the French coast in 1896, all but three were felled by the Central Meteorological office. Clearing Tunnels of Smoke. At each end of Japanese railroad tunnels being a canvas curtain, large enough to cover the entire end of the tunnel, which is dropped and swept down until the train emerges, all the smoke and gas being carried along with the train, and forced into the open air at the far end of the tunnel. Valuable Manuscripts Sold. Lord Ashburnham's Snow manuscripts have been bought at private sale by the British government for \$225,000. When the collection was bought at auction for \$40,000 by the late Earl, some years ago, the government refused to bid. British Soldiers as Linguists. British officers serving in Indian regiments are now required to learn the dialect of their men in addition to Hindustani, Pushtu, Punjabi, Hindi, Khassari, Tamil, and Malabar are among the languages they must acquire. About Women's Hair. A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. A single hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily tried must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks under a strain of 70 ounces. Grave of an Ancient Warrior. Near Iwerburgh in Baden, the tombstone of a 12th-century Roman veteran has been discovered. It was erected, probably, in the third century after Christ, by Flavius Sterna to his son and heir, Flavius Valerianus.